DC COMICS™

230

LOONEY TUNES™

INSURANCE SEASON

LOONEY TUNES

...REALLY?

DAVE ALVAREZ

DCKIDS.COM

RATED E EVERYONE

JUN 2016

DAFFY DUCK

A LOONEY TUNES COMIC

INSURELY YOU JEST

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ACME INSURANCE
G. GILDERSNEEZE, Pres.

STOP THE PRESSES AND HOLD THE ONIONS! DUST OFF THE EMPLOYEE OF THE MONTH PARKING SPACE AND GET READY TO FORK OVER A HEFTY BONUS FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST--

--AND MOST HUMBLE-- INSURANCE SALESMAN, DAFFY DUCK!

OH, REALLY?

YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE SUCKER I FOUND TODAY, BOSS! I SOLD HIM EVERY COTTON-PICKIN' POLICY WE HAVE!

EVERY ONE?

YOU INSURED HIM AGAINST VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS?

YEP!

ATHLETE'S FOOT?

NATURALLY.

STAMPEDING OCELOTS?

PLUS EXTRA COVERAGE IF THEY'RE RABID!

I'M TELLING YOU, THEY JUST DON'T MAKE BIGGER PIGEONS THAN ELMER FUDD!

"ELMER FUDD"?!

YOU SOLD INSURANCE TO *ELMER FUDD?!*

OH, NO NEED TO THANK ME. YOU CAN SIMPLY SHOWER ME WITH *ADULATION--*

--PREFERABLY IN *TENS* AND *TWENTIES.*

YOU *NINCOMPOOP!* SEE THE *BLUE* BAR ON THIS GRAPH? THAT'S THE TOTAL NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS FOR THE *ENTIRE U.S. POPULATION* IN THE PAST *FIVE YEARS.*

THE *RED* BAR SHOWS *ELMER FUDD'S* ACCIDENTS-- JUST FROM *LAST TUESDAY!*

NOW THAT YOU SOLD HIM *INSURANCE,* WE'LL HAVE TO PAY FUDD EVERY TIME HE GETS *HURT!* WE'LL BE *BANKRUPT* IN A *WEEK!*

AND YOU WANT A *PARKING SPACE?!*

NEVER INSURE UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES:

OUCH!

UH...WELL, MAYBE JUST A LITTLE *SUNNY SPOT* BY THE CURB...

GET OUT THERE AND *GUARD* ELMER FUDD TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY!

NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES, MAKE SURE HE *DOESN'T* GET HURT!

WELL, THIS IS ALL QUITE WOVEWY OF YOU, BUT YOU WEAWWY NEEDN'T BOTHER.

OH, NO BOTHER AT ALL! IT'S ALL PART OF THE SERVICE FOR OUR MOST *CLUMSY*--I MEAN, *PREFERRED*-- CUSTOMERS.

CAN'T BE *TOO CAREFUL,* YOU KNOW! WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU TO DO YOURSELF AN *INJURY.*

OH, NO NEED TO WOWWY ABOUT THAT. I PWAN TO SPEND THE DAY DOING THE MOST *WESTFUL, WELAXING* THING I CAN IMAGINE.

EXCELLENT! THEN, I'LL JUST BE ON MY WAY TO GO DEAL WITH MORE *INTERESTING* MATTERS--

--LIKE WATCHING *PAINT DRY*--

--WHILE YOU SIT HERE AND WATCH TV. CAREFUL NOT TO GIVE YOURSELF A *BLISTER* PUSHING BUTTONS ON THE REMOTE CONTROL!

NO, NO, I DON'T PWAN TO WATCH TEWEVISION.

I'M GOING *WABBIT HUNTING!*

SOON--

SHHH... BE VEWWY, VEWWY QUIET. I'M HUNTING WABBITS.

THROO BOOM BOOM CRASH

SURE THING, MAC! QUIET IT IS! WOULDN'T WANT TO SCARE AWAY THOSE WABBITS SO YOU COULDN'T GO HUNTING, NOW, WOULD WE?

OOH, A *PARADE!* I *LOVE* A PARADE.

IT CAN'T BE *SAINT SWITHIN'S DAY* AGAIN ALREADY, CAN IT?

GOTCHA! SAY YOUR *PWAYERS,* WABBIT!

=SIGH= OKAY, DOC. "NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP, I HOPE THEY'RE SELLING CARROTS CHEAP."

YOU MAY *FIRE WHEN READY,* GRIZZLY.

NO!
GIMME THAT THING BEFORE IT GOES--
BOOM
RIGHT.
BEFORE IT GOES "BOOM..."
WELL, AT LEAST I KEPT OLD *CHROME DOME* OUT OF HARM'S W--
AAK!

A-HA! MY BWILLIANT STWATEGY *WORKED!*

I'VE CORNERED YOU NOW! DUCKING INTO THAT LOG WEAVES YOU *TWAPPED!*

NOT SO FAST!

IF THERE'S ANY *DUCKING* TO BE DONE AROUND HERE, THEN *I'M* THE DUCK WHO'LL DO IT!

HMM, CLEARLY THE OLD *HOLLOW LOG* GAMBIT. IF IT WEREN'T FOR *ME,* YOU'LL PROBABLY FALL OFF A *CLIFF* OR GET RUN OVER BY A *FREIGHT TRAIN* OR SOMETHING.

ALLOW ME TO DEMONSTRATE THE SAFE AND PROPER WAY TO PROCEED. FIRST, WE OBTAIN *VISUAL CONFIRMATION.*

LET'S SEE... BUNNY FEET-- *CHECK!* NO SPEEDING TRUCKS. NO FREIGHT TRAINS. NO GUIDED MISSILES. *CHECK!*

NEXT, A BIT OF *TACTILE RECONNAISSANCE.*

MM-HM. FEELS LIKE GRASS. SOLID GROUND. *CHECK!*

NOW, WE CAN MOVE FORWARD IN A *SWIFT* BUT *ORDERLY* FASHION, *SAFE* AND *SECU--*

RROOOAARR!

DON'T *WOWWY,* MISTER DUCK! JUST WIKE YOU SAID, I'M COMPWETEWY *SAFE* AND *SECURE!*

I'M SO PLEASED...

LATER--

GEE, IT DOESN'T SEEM VERY ***SPORTING*** TO SHOOT THE WABBIT FWOM ALL THE WAY OVER HERE...

SPORTING, SHMORTING! I'M JUST SORRY I LEFT MY ***UNMANNED DRONE PLANE*** IN MY OTHER PANTS.

AT THIS DISTANCE, YOU'RE ***BOUND*** TO STAY SAFE. BUT, JUST SO THERE AREN'T ANY SLIP-UPS, DON'T PULL THE TRIGGER UNTIL I TELL YOU TO ***FIRE!***

WOGER!

AND STOP CALLING ME ***"ROGER"!***

WELL, EVERYTHING ***SEEMS*** OKAY, BUT MAYBE I'D BETTER TAKE A ***CLOSER*** LOOK TO BE SURE.

OH, BUGSY OLD PAL, WOULD YOU MIND HOLDING STILL FOR JUST A--

--EEK!

TNT

DON'T FIRE! DON'T FIRE!

DON'T ***WHAT?***

FIRE!

OKAY! ***FIRE!***

BUH-WHOOM

AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, YOU'D THINK I WOULD'VE SEEN THAT COMING.

WELL, I SUPPOSE IT COULD HAVE BEEN *WORS--*

RAARRH!

HSSS!

RRUMMBBLE

WAS THAT...?

A STAMPEDE OF RABID OCELOTS.

YOU KNOW, I'M *INSURED* AGAINST THAT.

YOU DON'T SAY...

SAY, DAF, MAYBE *YOU* OUGHTTA GET YOURSELF SOME OF THAT INSURANCE, TOO.

I NEVER REALIZED YOU WERE SO *ACCIDENT-PRONE!*

That's all Folks!

MUTT IN BLACK

Writer/Inker--DeCARLO • Penciller--ALVAREZ • Letterer--JENNA • Colorist--TANGUAY • Separations--DIGITAL

A POOR, INSIGNIFICANT FARMER IS ABOUT TO LEARN THAT IN THIS ENDLESS UNIVERSE WE ARE NOT ALONE...

NOTHING LIKE A *STEAK DINNER* AFTER A B-B-BACK-BREAKING DAY'S WORK!

I GOT ME A PLAN TO *SEPARATE* THAT CHUMP FROM HIS *JUICY STEAK!*

NOW WHO IN T-TARNATION COULD THAT BE...?

RAP RAP

OPEN UP, NEIGHBOR!

THE *WHEAT FIELD*, CHUBBY! GO SEE THE *WHEAT FIELD!*

IT'S A MESSAGE FROM *BEYOND OUR WORLD*, FRIEND! I THINK ITS MEANING IS VERY *CLEAR!*

WB1960

MEANING, MY F-*FOOT!* ALL I KNOW IS THAT MY *D-D-DINNER'S* GETTING *COLD!*

THIS AIN'T OVER! I JUST NEED A NEW ANGLE!

RAP RAP RAP

N-NOW WHAT?!

OPEN UP, AMIGO!

WE HAVE A *SITUATION* HERE, MISTER!

I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO HAVE TO TAKE THAT *ALIEN* POSING AS AN *INNOCENT STEAK* INTO CUSTODY!

A-ALIEN...?

YOU WILL REMEMBER NONE OF THIS, FATSO. I, ON THE OTHER HAND, AM GONNA REMEMBER *EVERY BITE* OF YOUR JUICY *STEAK*...

I GOTTA STOP WATCHING SO MANY DARN *MOVIES...!*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

A CUPID FOR STUPID AND STUPID

BARRY LIEBMANN - writer
WALTER CARZON - penciller
HORACIO OTTOLINI - inker
WILDSTORM - letterer
DAVE TANGUAY - colorist
DIGITAL CHAMELEON - separations
HARVEY RICHARDS - asst editor
JOAN HILTY - editor

SOMEWHERE IN THE OZARKS...

CANNES FILM FESTIVAL HERE I AM! JUST IN TIME FOR THE BIG FISTFIGHT OVER FIRST PRIZE.

THOSE FILM DIRECTORS ARE SOOO TEMPERA-MENTAL.

WB #1861

LOOK, IT'S ONE OF THE FESTIVAL JUDGES!

MOO!

HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, HE SOUNDS TOO INTELLIGENT TO BE A FESTIVAL JUDGE!

DON'T TELL ME I MADE ANOTHER WRONG TOIN AT ALBAKOIKY!

Y'KNOW, IF YOU PEOPLE LIVING IN ALBAKOIKY WOULD PUT ROAD SIGNS *UNDER* YOUR CITY, THESE THINGS WOULDN'T KEEP HAPPENING TO ME.

LOOKIE THERE, A RABBIT! *GET HIM!*

HE'S MINE!

I KNOW A STAR IS SUPPOSED TO BELONG TO HIS PUBLIC... *BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!*

NO, HE'S MINE!

LET GO, YA *DUMB DUMMY!* I'M TAKIN' HIM TO *BESSIE LOU!*

NO YA DON'T, YA *STINKY STINKER!* I'M TAKIN' HIM TA *ESSIE LOU!*

SOK

THUD

WHUMP

LET ME GUESS: YA WANNA IMPRESS SOME GOILS BY BRINGING THEM A NICE, CUDDLY *RABBIT.*

JUST THE *FUR*, MR. RABBITY PERSON. WE FIGGER THE BEST WAY TA *COURT 'EM* IS TA GIVE 'EM A NICE RABBITY FUR!

IT'S EITHER THAT OR *TAKIN'* A *BATH.*

AND WE'D RATHER DIE!!!

BUT MOST GOILS TODAY DON'T *LIKE* FURS! THEY THINK THAT HARMING AN ANIMAL IS *INSENSITIVE!*

AND IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE ME, JUST ASK THE FOIST GOIL THAT COMES ALONG.

"NO PEEKING!"

EXCUSE ME MISS FOIST-GOIL-THAT-COMES-ALONG, BUT WOULDN'T YA LIKE A NICE RABBITY FUR?

OH, YOU *BRUTE!* YOU *TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE BRUTE!* HOW DARE YOU INSULT ME SO?!

WHOMP

WHOMP

WHOMP

WHAT NOIVE! DO I LOOK LIKE THE TYPE OF LADY WHO WOULD DEPRIVE A POOR RABBIT OF TS FUR?

I'M MUCH TOO SWEET AND SENSITIVE TO CONDONE SUCH BRUTALITY!

OOOOOOWEEE, WOTTA WOMAN! IF AH WASN'T A-COURTIN' BESSIE LOU, I'D GO FOR HER!

WHACK WHACK WHACK

YOU TELL HIM, LADY! GIVE HIM ANOTHER HIT FOR ME!

BUT WHAT KINDA GIFT WOULD YA LIKE, MISS ANGRY LADY?

CONSIDERIN' HER TEMPER, BOXING GLOVES MIGHT BE NICE!

A REFINED LADY, SUCH AS MYSELF, ALWAYS PREFERS FLOWERS.

THAT'S IT! FLOWERS!!!

ZZZZIPPPP

OH, BESSIE LOU, ESSIE LOU, LOOK WHAT WE BRUNG YA!

IT'S THE FLOWERS I FOUND ON THE OUTHOUSE WALL.

THAT'S NOTHING! I BRUNG YA A SACK O' FERTILIZER--SO YA CAN MAKE YER *OWN* FLOWERS!

FERTILIZER

SO WHATTA YA THINK OF OUR GIFTS? HUH? HUH?

WANNA SMOOCH?

KEERASHHH

K'E'R'A'N'GG

TINKLE

TINKLE

HOT DANG! AH NEVER KNOWED THOSE GALS COULD THROW A PIE-ANNO OUT A WINDOW!

NO WONDER WE LOVE 'EM SO!

WE GOTTA GET 'EM A RABBIT FUR!

YEAH, THEY CAN'T BE *TOO SQUEAMISH* ABOUT FUR...'SPECIALLY SINCE THEY THROW *PIE-ANNOS* AT PEOPLE.

OH, CONTRARY! THE FACT THAT THEY THROW, ER, *PLAY* THE PIANO PROVES THAT THEY'RE *CLASSY LADIES!*

AND CLASSY LADIES NEVER WEAR *DEAD ANIMALS.*

BUT YA DON'T HAVE TA BE DEAD! WE COULD JUST KNOCK YA OUT AND STICK A LABEL IN YER MOUTH!

BY THE TIME YA WAKE UP WE'LL BE HITCHED!

I HAVE A BETTER IDEA.

THE ONLY OTHER THING WE CAN THINK OF IS TA TAKE A BATH.

AND WE'D RATHER DIE!!!

WELL, THAT'S A THOUGHT! BUT FOIST WHY NOT TRY SERENADING THOSE BEASTS, ER, BEAUTIES?

YA MEAN SING TO THEM? HEY, THAT'S A GREAT IDEA! OUR SINGIN' REALLY MOVES PEOPLE!

SOMETIMES THEY MOVE CLEAR ACROSS THREE COUNTIES!

IN THAT CASE, I'LL DO THE SINGING. YOU JUST MOVE YOUR LIPS. *AND NO AD-LIBBING!*

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES. I'M STUFFING MY EARS TILL THIS BLOWS OVER.

OKAY, ROMEOS, OPEN YOUR TRAPS, AND DON'T LET THE FLIES IN.

HOW ABOUT LETTIN' 'EM *OUT?*

JUST *MOVE* YOUR *LIPS!!!!*

WE KNOW WE'RE AWFUL UGLY! OUR LOOKS COULD STOP YOUR CLOCKS. OUR I.Q.'S LOW. IT'S TWELVE BELOW.

IN FACT, WE'RE DUMB AS ROCKS!*

*CAN BE SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "THE MERRY-GO-ROUND BROKE DOWN" (THE LOONEY TUNES THEME) IF THE NEIGHBORS DON'T COMPLAIN.

BUT THOUGH WE AIN'T NO BARGAIN, WITH US YOU SHOULD TIE THE KNOT!

PICKINGS ARE SLIM! JUST ME AND HIM! YOU SEE, WE'RE ALL YOU'VE GOT!

SO LET US LOVE AND ADORE YOU! WE'LL LOVE YA FROM HEAD TO TOES! ALTHOUGH WE REEK, WE'RE ALL YOU SEEK! JUST MARRY US AND HOLD YOUR NOSE!

KEERASHHH

KLUNK

WOW, THAT'S THE FOIST TIME I EVER SAW SOMEONE THROW A *TRACTOR* OUT A WINDOW!

YEP, THOSE GALS ARE AWFUL SPECIAL.

WE DON'T KNOW HOW TO COURT SUCH SPECIAL LADIES. WE OUGHTA JUST THROW OURSELVES IN THE CRICK.

BUT DON'T THROW ANY SOAP IN AFTER US... 'CAUSE THAT WOULD BE LIKE TAKIN' A BATH!

AND WE'D RATHER DIE!!!

IT SMELLS LIKE YA ALREADY *DID*.

BUT AS LONG AS NO RABBITS ARE HARMED I DON'T CARE.

WELL, SO LONG, BOYS, DON'T LEAVE A RING AROUND THE CREEK.

DRAMATIC AIN'T IT?

SNIP SNIP

OH NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT TAKING MY FUR!!!

BUT WE CAN GLUE IT BACK ON YA AFTER WE'RE HITCHED.

FORGET ABOUT CUTTING MY FUR. *CUT A RUG INSTEAD!*

LADIES JUST LOVE MEN WHO CAN *DANCE!*

LIKE WHEN WE PLAY LEAPFROG IN THE POISON IVY?

NO NEED FOR POISON IVY. JUST FOLLOW THE MUSIC -- AND MY INSTRUCTIONS!

GRAB HOLDA YOUR PARTNER, AND SPIN HIM BY HIS BEARD!

SPIN HIM AND A-SPIN HIM, TILL HE'S LOOKING KINDA WEIRD!

CIRCLE LEFT!

WHACK

KLUNK

JUMP OFF A TREE BRANCH, AND DO A BELLY FLOP!

LAND IN THE PIG STY, AND WALLOW IN THE SLOP!

HOP ONTO YOUR NOGGIN, AND CONTINUE TO DANCE!

TAKE A HEAVY ANVIL AND TOSS IT DOWN YOUR PANTS!

NOW PULL THAT OLD MULE'S TAIL, PULL IT WITH ALL YOUR MIGHT!

HAVE A LOVELY TRIP, BOYS, AND DON'T FORGET TO WRITE!

THEY CAN *WRITE*?!

whap

LOOKIE THERE, CURT AND PUMPKINHEAD ARE *FLYIN'*!

WELL ROLL ME IN SHEEP DIP AND CALL ME "STINKY"! WE OUGHTA GET HITCHED TO THEM FELLERS!

DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU WANNA GET HITCHED? I'M LICENSED TO MARRY PEOPLE...

LICENSE TO PLAY DIRTY TRICKS BEARER IS ENTITLED TO BAMBOOZLE ANYONE WHO ANNOYS HIM

THOUGH TECHNICALLY THOSE TWO MIGHT NOT QUALIFY AS PEOPLE.

THAT'S ALL RIGHT. WE'LL MARRY 'EM ANYWAY!

DO YOU, CURT AND PUMPKINHEAD...?

THEY DO AND WE DO!!!!

NOW WE'RE HITCHED!!!

OKAY, HONEYMOON'S OVER! TIME TA SLOP THE PIGS, FEED THE CHICKENS, AND CLEAN OUT THE CESSPOOL!

AND THEN YOU'RE GONNA TAKE A *BATH!*

AH, THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A HAPPY ENDING!

AND THIS IS *NOTHING* LIKE A HAPPY ENDING!

A BATH?!! WE'D RATHER DIE!!!

DON'T WORRY. YA KEEP STINKIN' UP OUR HOUSE AND *YOU WILL!!!*

THAT'S ALL FOLKS!

BATMAN

HAWKMAN

THE FLASH

CYBORG

WONDER WOMAN

MARTIAN MANHUNTER

SUPERMAN

GREEN LANTERN

HARLEY QUINN

CATWOMAN

LEX LUTHOR

SINESTRO

DEATHSTROKE

THE JOKER

POISON IVY

CAPTAIN COLD

OKAY, SO EVERYONE KNOWS BATMAN'S GOT A ***MILLION*** DIFFERENT WAYS HE COULD BEAT SUPERMAN.

ANYWAY, CHECK OUT THIS BRACKET WE'VE SET UP PITTING SOME OF OUR FAVORITE HEROES AND VILLAINS AGAINST EACH OTHER!

UHHH, DUDE, I'M PRETTY SURE EVERYONE BUT YOU KNOWS SUPERMAN WOULD WIPE THE FLOOR WITH B--

Hero Fight!

WINNER!

Fill in who YOU think would be the ultimate winner. Let the battle begin!

DC Super Hero Girls, an exciting new universe of Super Heroic storytelling
www.dcsuperherogirls.com

DC SUPER HERO GIRLS™

HARLEY QUINN

Harley Quinn is unorganized and unpredictable, but she is also fun; and even though her classmates don't always "get" her humor, she never stops trying out new material on them. Harley loves being the center of attention, even if it means acting like a clown.

PUNNY
One for her, PUN for you! This fun-loving girl loves a good pun, but who doesn't? Probably people that aren't very punny.

QUICK WIT
Harley knows there's a clown inside everyone just waiting for the opportunity to put on a big red nose, floppy shoes, and burst out. She feels like it's her job to make that happen whether her friends want it to or not.

ACROBAT
Good thing Harley's an agile acrobat, because that's the only way she's been able to twist and turn out of some pretty tight situations.

POISON IVY

Poison Ivy, aka "Ivy," is a genius when it comes to the biology of plants. Being shy and far more comfortable with plants than people, Ivy spends most of her time in the Super Hero High greenhouse. While she has the power to control plants, they can sometimes get out of hand.

COMMON SCENTS
If you don't think plants have feelings, you need to wake up and smell the roses. Ivy treats all the plants as equals, and will do whatever it takes to protect them.

GROWTH ACCELERATION
When she's not outdoors, Ivy is planted in her lab. That's where she figured out how to make plants grow from acorn to giant oak in the blink of an eye.

PLANT CONTROL
Watch out! Ivy's green thumb has a thorny side. Sure, she makes plants do her bidding, but she also nurtures them, which helps her stay connected to them.

SUPER POWERS

EXPERT GYMNAST
ACROBAT
QUICK-WITTED

SUPER POWERS

GENIUS LEVEL INTELLECT
SUMMONS AND CONTROLS PLANTS

DC COMICS™

ENTERTAINMENT FOR EVERYONE

BATMAN '66 MEETS THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. #5

Batman and the agents of U.N.C.L.E. have pulled out every trick and invention at their disposal to combat the Magpie's plans for world domination. But are they prepared for the grandest scheme yet—an open invitation for them to join and take control of T.H.R.U.S.H.?!

TEEN TITANS GO! #15

When Raven and Cyborg create a pair of spooky-looking leggings, Robin's in for quite the fright when he tries on these "Scaredy Pants"! Then, when Titans East instigates a friendly softball outing, Robin turns friendly game into a high-stakes death match.

MORE FROM DC COMICS:

LOONEY TUNES #230

Wabbit season! Duck season! Wabbit season! Insurance season? Salesman Daffy Duck accidentally sells insurance to an accident-prone Elmer Fudd, so when Bugs Bunny shows up during Elmer's wabbit hunting trip, Daffy will have to throw himself in front of exploding TNT and falling anvils...if he doesn't want to go bankrupt, that is!

SCOOBY-DOO, WHERE ARE YOU? #68

A figure skating competition is unexpectedly put on ice when it's interrupted—by the Abominable Snowman! Who's behind it? The washed-up former champion? The front-runner's rival? To solve the mystery, Scooby and Shaggy will have to take to the ice themselves. Let's just hope they remember their skates...

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"